one bit of queer history attached to sailed,

We were standing on the Customnervous of speech, a typical represenarmy of busy workers which populates the Balearic Islands.

The subject of his comment, an old brig with high bow and towering poop, elaborate with quaint carvings, its ancient gilding clung, rode easily heart. at anchor amid a fleet of other smaller but similarly abandoned crafts in the

"What is the history?" I asked. "The senor would like to hear it?" "I would, indeed."

My new friend deliberately drew a the rust, was becoming thin. leaf of tobacco from his pocket, rolled it into a cigar, which he ignited from mine, blew a cloud of pungent smoke | constantly keener-growing edge. out in the direction of the brig, and, seating himself on one of the stone mooring-posts, with his eyes fixed more surely, swiftly and fatally." upon the vessel, said :

"Then you shall. This is his story as closely as I can recollect it, word for word:

Fifteen years ago two people who loved one another more than well lived at the farmhouse of the Finca Substney in the Barranco (valley) de be!" Algandar.

One was a girl of the farm, a creature of a beauty as pure and sweet as

The other a lad of twenty, half her eyes forgotten to long for the free him to return at once. air and the salt spray.

They were man and wife, of but a few months' standing-man and wife who went to labor, in the lime groves and orange orchards side by side, and to whom, even with its weary work | yonder lay there, bound for Majorca, and common fare, the valley was a and he shipped on her.

In the third month of their marriage a stranger appeared in the val-

He was an Englishman, a traveler gale two days before. for pleasure, whose idle lounge brought him to the farm. The place restored, and next day appeared on pleased him, the people, as everywhere in the Islands, were hospitable and proud of the presence of a guest; so he remained.

Days wore to weeks, weeks became months, and still he lingered. Today it was an excursion among the shepherds of the desolate heights that hem the valley in ; to-morrow a sturdy climb up the Monte del Tow, with its wind-worn convent ruins; again, a long ride through fields of golden grain and gardens of olives, fruit groves and fertile farms. Whatever the amusement was he followed it up earnestly, as his countrymen always

At the end of his second month's stay one of these excursions brought him down the mountain side after nightfall, with a wild gale blowing from the north, sweeping over the bare hills with a bitter breath.

As he rode in the darkness, his atshriek. It pierced the night, and the gale, sharp and clear, full of wild ap- ed. peal for aid, and pushing toward it without hesitation, he found himself before one of those high, pyramidal structures of loose stones, in which the Balearic shepherds shelter their sheep.

A fire was burning under the lee of this stall, and by its light he saw a little fresh air there is." woman-a girl, rather-struggling in the arms of a burly, skin-clad ruffian, while two others looked on with sav- intense warmth of a coming storm;

To ride one of these down, fell the cut of his whip across his face compel the third to release his prey, was the blood to fire and flashed a red mist in cal home from early September until tell it, and before the shepherds had recovered from their stupefacation, the creator of it had cantered out of reach of the volley of stones they sent after them, clasping the rescued girl to his breast.

Her story was soon told. She was the young bride of the farm, on her way home from another hacienda had and she a drudge.

Great as the social difference between them was, her gratitude and fringed with phosphorescent fire, wid- after taking to himself one of the his admiration bridged it over. They ened in lines of pallid flame and van- sunny-haired daughters of that namet often, he always loftily kind, ished. lavish, on his return from an occasional visit to town, with trifling gifts; she ever humbly proud of his notice, truly grateful for his magnificence.

it with pride. Poor fool! he thought off, leaving only the handle in the ex- made partner of his joys and sorrows. that the valley, where men honored ecutioner's hand. women as their own mothers, wives and sisters, was the world.

recollected that he held some speech upon it, had fallen overboard in a discouraged, he continued his work won't pay house rent nor save soap. with her while exhibiting his wares drunken fit and been swallowed by and, last season, with eighty acres of 'It's the quintessence of all human to the people of the farm.

Many other things were recollected, the table in the great kitchen was va- long breath, wiped the perspiration ble house, he sent to the waiting bride swear off and stick to it.' cant, her side of her husband's bed from his drawn brow with the back in Sweden the necessary funds to 'An epitome of--' was cold. When the country all of his hand, and tossed his finished bring her to him. She arrived here two days later, that a stranger and a alive?" gether to Port Mahon.

deadly hatred for her destroyer.

land, and which had lain waiting his false he is. He pledged me faithfully moments, however, the scene became pleasure, in the habor. Whither? to take me to the theatre in the plaza amusing and, to one unacquainted "She is a queer craft, truly, senor. To France, some said. To France he to-day, and here I find him, as al- with the circumstances it would have

house quay at Port Mahon-he, lowing them from place to place, al- at her shrine?"

by thieves, by vagrants, by women They are." who were only women in name, dead,

He took the child, and returning with it to his native place, put it neglected corner of the harbor to among those who would care for it, which all such marine veterans were and once more turned his restless face relegated until some enterprising toward his goal. He carried a keen speculator undertook to break them knife now, and had a use for it sworn over her sacred grave.

It was dreary waiting, and sometimes his heart failed him. The knife-blade, rubbed so often to kill

and he smiled each time he felt its

"It will do its work all the better," he thought. "It will do it all the Sometimes, however, a fear would

beset him. Might he not die? The very roving life his pursuit led him exposed him to perils which might roofless and floorless, and joining balk his purpose.

"If I should die before I meet him! he thought, "My God! if that should sical tones they could command:

And at this thought his blood would turn to ice, and a strange horror come over him, a horror that would set his our summer sky; and a spirit as lov- brain whirling, full of mad devils, ing and wayward as the wind that that had all one single, mocking face, blows from the orange gardens of Al- and seemed to jeer at him and taunt him with defeat-defeat!

In one of these despairing fits a letsailor, half husbandman, but all true ter reached him from what had been lover, had been anchored in the valley by the cable of his heart, and in |-her child-was ill, and besought With a curse upon the fortune that

> interrupted his purpose even for a few days, he set about it to obey the letter, nevertheless. He was in Palermo. The old brig

On the night of the third day out they came upon a boat, drifting, and in it a fainting man -- the last survivor

of a pleasure yacht foundered in a He was taken on board, revived and deck. The husband saw him, and

his heart gave a great leap. The end, long sought by many laborious ways-through deadly peril, toil, trouble, bitter want, but always with undeviating faith, had come at

He and her murderer stood face to

His hand went at once to the knife in his bosom, but touched the priest's etter and fell again.

He must be cautious. He must not create any barrier to his seeing the sick little one among the Majorean

and surely on some one of the days of the voyage yet to come. Several of these days passed with-

out bringing the opportunity. At last it arrived.

One night the traveler and the captain sat late together over their wine. They were deep drinkers both, and tention was attracted by a woman's the cabin-lamp saw many a bumper emptied before the carousers separat-

The man at the wheel, looking down through the open cabin batch saw them rise at last, and heard the Englishman speak, pressing his tem-

ples between his hands: "I have a headache," he said; "I will go on deck for a breath of what

It was hot; a breathless, heavy summer night, oppressive with the but the helmsman, as he felt for a other to the earth, and with a fierce hell could not have brought such a upon the deck.

the Englishman, in his easy, careless

The brig gave a lurch to leeward as their mothers before them .- A. E. C. been stopped by the half-savage shep- the sea twisted her unmanned rudder. Anderson, in April Wide Awake. herds, as he had seen; so riding and A bright blade flashed redly in the talking they came to the door of the light of the binnacle; one figure only The Kearney Press says: "The cut in the woman. 'Give it to me. house where he was an honored guest stood where two had been, looking happiest man in seventeen counties is Where was the old soaker?' ter where a circle of sharp ripples, den which he left two years ago just

The husband saw this, too, and saw worn so thin that it had been snapped which he might bring the newly

one visible in the murky beavens, The first crop was a total failure and At last the guest departed. Next had fallen in a swift sweep of light, the end of the year found him no This is a compendiumday a peddler from Mercadel passed Next day it was known that the nearer the consummation of his hopes through the valley. It was afterward traveler, so lately snatched from death and wishes than the beginning. Not it's a non-comprehensibiliculus-it

the sea.

country-girl had met in the market- "Faithless padre mio," said a voice and when, at last, he saw her step- and vamoose. I've got a two week's Thither the husband followed them, headed, bare-footed, and clad in the ed through two long years of toil and comes into the house, and I sin't got mad with outraged love for her and picturesque peasant's dress of the privation broke completely down and no time to stand here listening to

and kissed her.

vanished in the busy street.

"Doodle Bugs."

insensible

time we have a mind,' said some lit-It was becoming sharper, though, the girls to me one day when I was teaching school in western Virginia. 'Doodle bugs?' said I, 'I never heard of such things.'

'Most assuredly,' I answered. Then the little girls led me forth to the ruins of an old log school-house hands, they squatted upon the ground, and began chanting in the most mu-

'Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle burgs [1 I looked on in astonishment, for

could see nothing but hard-baked earth. There seemed not a living thing visible; but the children kept up their chant for three or four min. tury.' utes, when I noticed the ground began to heave in little spots and tiny heads peeped out, soon followed by half or the whole body of a dirt-colored beetle.

There are many, many kinds of beetles called coleopterous insects, because they have wing cases; that is, they have shells or cases on their backs under which they hold their wings, some kinds using them so very seldom that you would never know that they had wings. A great many live under the ground, and others on trees, flowers and grain. Indeed, there is scarce a place where you may

All of you know that the ugly caterpillar becomes a butterfly, but some of you may not know that nearly every worm you may find, turns out some day to be a creature with wings. Almost every child who has lived haps been very much amused with

the Bill Chafer, or tumble bug, as we call it here in New Jersey. How at. they seem to be playing with mar-His work could be done secretly bles right in the middle of the road on hot, dusty days! How they push and tumble, and get their jackets all balls up an elevation, or over some impediment in the way.

Did you never wonder what all such work meant, or did you suppose it was just the way those bugs have of amusing themselves? I can remember when I thought so myself. But after I became older I began to wonder where the bug got the balls and what they were made of, and what they were going to do with them. I have since found it out, and

it is all very interesting. They make the balls out of the excretions of animals, in which is deposited an egg, leaving it in the sun until it is baked almost as hard as a the man's lap. marble; then begins their work. knife in his bosom, all the furnaces of They toil and struggle until they get the balls three feet under ground. fierce gust of flaming joy as turned his Then the little one is left in its spherwork of as little time as it takes to his eager eyes when a figure stepped the next spring, as warm and snug as you please, growing larger and larger until it bursts from its shell, a little worm with six legs, and creeps up to Show me that, and if there's any picthe surface of the ground; or, as way, as he lounged slowly to the taff- some say they remain in the balls unrail. "The sort of night to remind til they become chrysalids, and come work. one of the tortures the damned under- out beetles or tumble bugs, ready to begin tumbling and pushing like

> with blazing eyes into the black wa- Fred Shulson. He is a native of Swetion. Not having money enough to There had been a single deep groan, buy two tickets, he left his bride and and a figure had plunged past the came alone across the ocean and halfcabin window; a figure whose heart across the continent to find, upon the was cleft by a keen blade which was broad plains of Nebraska, a home to Taking a homestead in the Republi-At the same instant a star, the single can valley he commenced his work. wheat and twenty-four bushels to the knowledge.'

"And the man? The child?" I sere he found himself, to his mind, a 'That won't keep the children in too, when, next night, her place at asked, when my story-teller drew a wealthy man. Building a comforta- shoes and clothes, nor make a man 'Clear out with you. It can't butabout was scoured only to discover, eigar into the water. "Are they Tuesday night. For a week he had ter a slice of bread, nor doctor up a been watching every incoming train; sick child. So you just pack it up He found them not. They had gone in the yacht which bad brought the traveler to the isbrought the traveler to the is- Pardon me, senor, but you know how his tears of joy. After the first few He took the hint and departed.

A College Freak.

swarthy, handsome, eager-eyed and ways too late, he traversed all the "It is a shrine! a monument!" said motherless calf and with one bound on a night for the performance of the south Germany, contain no tobacco at Mediterrenean coast until, one day, the story-teller, his eyes gleaming for was by her side hugging her as if she exploit. One of their number, how- all, but are entirely composed of cabtative of the ragged, ease-loving, idle- hearing of him and that he was now a moment with savage joy, which were a cider press and he was trying ever, was troubled with some com- bage and beet leaves, derived of their ness-cursed rabbie which throngs ev- traveling alone, he knew that the in- softened to such a look of love as one to squeeze out the juice. Then he punctious visitings, and managed to natural smell and taste by a special ery city of the South of Europe, and evitable had come to pass, and that rarely sees when he brushed the girl's kissed her on both cheeks, on the convey to the worthy president a hint form of cultivatio, and subsequently has sent its stragglers even into the she had been cast aside for a fresher heavy hair back from her forehead mouth, the nose, the forehead in fact that it would be well for him to se- steeped in tobacco water for a lengthslobbered all over her; then he step- cure the door of his carriage house, ened period. Still searching, he found her at last. "Senor, you ask whether the man ped up and, taking both of her hands Iustead of paying any heed to this Found her in a slum, surrounded and the child of my story are alive. in his, stared into her face. Then he suggestion, the doctor proceeded, on squeezed her again until something the appointed night, to the carriage dressing a jury and was much annoy-And hand in hand with the girl he cracked, it couldn't be a whalebone bouse, and cusconced his portly per- ed by Mr. Digby Seymour carrying to which some tarnished remnant of with a breathing babe on her rigid went up the blazing sunlit quay, and for she was entirely innocent of cor- son inside the vehicle. In less than sets, and then he kissed her. All an hour some half dozen young gen- ently he lost all patience, and in his this time her little tongue was chip- tlemen came to his retreat, and cauping out Swede small talk in a con- tiously withdrew the carriage into the tinuous stream, only broken by the road. When they were fairly out of It is a known fact that nearly every- application of his carnivarous mouth the college precinets they began to thing in nature likes music; snakes to her curving lips. How long they joke freely with each other by name. have danced to it, mice have come continued these maneuvres we do not One of them complained of the from their holes and listened with know but when we saw them next weight of the carriage, and another rapt attention, and even bugs are not morning in a wagon, behind a team replied by swearing that it was heavy of good horses, starting for their val- enough to have theold fellow himself 'We call the Doodle bugs up any ley home, she was nestled beneath inside. For nearly a mile they prohis arm which was around her neck ceeded along the highway, and then and both her little hands were cling- struck into the woods, to a cover ing to him as if he were the only be- which they concluded would effectuing on earth and she was bound never ally conceal the vehicle. Making to lose him again. If that couple is themselves infinitely merry at the 'Would you like to see them?' ask- not happy there is no use looking for doctor's expense, and conjecturing the genuine article in this wicked sin- how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to departhaving once more agreed that 'the carriage was heavy enough to have the old doctor and all his tribe in it'upon the chair she had wiped off for they were startled by the sudden drop-

No Dust in her Eves.

surrounded world.

'I have called,' said the 'agent, sitting down with an owlish kind of look, him with her apron, 'to bring to your attention a work that is at the present the well known voice of the doctor time eliciting more attention from the himself thus addressing them : thinking minds of both hemispheres than anything the printing press has going to leave me in the woods, are sent forth in the last quarter of a cen- you? Surely, as you have brought

'My dear madam,' continued the agent, as he proceeded to unwrap a When the children stopped singing package done up in oil-silk, while the the little things scampered back to children gathered around him with eyes full of curiosity, and the woman This struck me as very singular, left her wash-tub and stood before him But then, we are constantly meeting with arms akimbo; 'I have a few of the vehicle, and quite as expediti- ster at a tea table the other evening, with strange things in bugdom. It fragments of a feast for the intellect ously, if with less voice, did they re- after a long and yearning gaze toward is like fairy land if we only become that you have protably felt the need trace their course. In silence they a plate of doughnuts, "do you think of many times."

'Indeed I have, sir. It's mighty hard in these times for a woman with a trifling, shiftless husband to keep the pot boiling for six children, and many's the time we all go hungry.' 'Really, madam, I fear you do not

exactly understand me. 'O, yes, sir-you're talking about something to eat.

'No-no. It's mental food I refer to. Something to strengthen and invigor- woods. ate the expanding intellect.'

'I guess we don't need any o' that here,' said the woman, poking down the clothes to keep the suds from boiling out over the stove. But if you had a brought along a side o' bacon, in the country has noticed, and per- or a peck o' beans, they would a' been mighty acceptable, and even a small sack o' flour wouldn't a' been sneezed Josephus believed that the lost tribes

'Yes, yes, my good woman,' continued the agent, unabashed, certainly, those things are all well enough in their way; but do you never feel the dusty in their efforts! Sometimes it need of something to stimulate the takes two or three beetles to roll their mind? something to lift it far above the groveling pursuits of every-day History leaves the question in just

'Is it some sort of a flying-machine

'No-no. I am selling an encyclopedia in monthly parts. 'Mercy on us! And what good is

the machine till you get it all put to-'It is not a machine, my good woman, it is a BOOK. A book, mum, that will tell you all about everything un-

'Tell me everything?' and the woman scratched her head and boxed a youngster who was climbing up on

'Exactly-that's what it will do, prophecy, 'The seed of David shall

'Well, then, I want to know where my old man was all the blessed live- rick being a corruption of the saint of buy the whisky he got drunk on. tures, let me see 'em,' said the woman, beginning to feel an interest in the

'You misunderstand mealtogether,' responded the agent with an uncomfortable air, 'I mean to say it will give that historians agree that there were you information-'

'Well, that's just what I'm after.'

no book could give you that-but anything in the scientific or-'

'Get out with you-go to grass with your scientific nonsense-that ain't these that fly as a cloud and as doves what I'm working my finger ends off to their windows? Surely the isles What I want is potatoes, coal, pork, flour, or something else to keep Tarshish first.' Dr. Wild aims to body and soul together. So you might prove that the isle referred to were as well mosey on and try your luck somewhere else, stranger, you've struck the wrong house.

'But my dear woman, hear me out. 'Go 'way with you. I don't care if

place of Mercadel, and had gone to-gether to Port Mahon.

I and vamoose. I've got a two week's then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have place to Port Mahon.

I and vamoose. I've got a two week's then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazleright that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazleright that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazleright that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazleright that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazleright that the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazleright that the manner wash of the manner wash on hand for Mrs. Hazleright that the manner wash of the manner w ned, free-limbed girl of thirteen, bare young man, who had never weaken- has got to be done before a bite to eat done it." country, stepped past me and smote sobbed like a child. He could not your high-sounding gab. There ain't your high-sounding gab. There ain't to stand here listening to the stand here listening to th

ny, over 1,000 tons of dried beet root The following story of old times in leaves are annually passed off as genand, what is more, she has at least therefore went, by the first vessel that ways, staring his eyes out at that seemed extremely ludicrous. When South Carolina is told of the learned nine tobacco. These same leaves, as wretched old ship yonder. What can he had recovered from the first shock Dr. Maxcey. On one occasion, sever- well as those of chickory and cabi age It would not profit to tell of the there be about it that he feast his eyes of gladness he sprang about ten feet al of the students of South Carolina are largely used for a similar nursose long, fruitless search; to tell how, fol- upon it so, like a poor woman praying away from her, looked at her from College resolved to drag the doctor's in Magdeburg and in the Palatinate. hat to shoestring, gave a cry like a carriage into the woods, and fixed up- The 'Vevey' cigars, so much favored in

ping of one of the glass panels, and

'So, so, young gentlemen, you are me hither for your own gratification, 'Bless my life!' said the woman, 'I you will not refuse to take me back wouldn't a' b'lieved it! what have you for mine. Come, Mr. ---, and --and -, buckle to, and let us return ;

it's getting late!' There was no appeal; for the window was raised and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word the discomfited young gentlemen took their places at the pole and the back place, and then retreated precipitate- holes ?" ly to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the doctor quietly vacated the carriage, and went to his house where he related the story to his family with much

glee. He never called the heroes of first even in war or in peace. H that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was the carriage ever afterward dragged at night into the

The Lost Tribes in Ireland.

The question 'What became of the ten tribes of Israel carried away into Assyrian captivity,' has for many centuries called out the most ingenious theories from authors and scholars. lived in his day somewhere beyond the Euphrates. Christian writers believe that they have found traces of the lost tribes among the people at the foot of Himalaya Mountains, among the Affghans, among the Tartars, and among the North American Indians. life and make it soar high beyond the the shape to be tantalizing and to offer free sweep for the imagination. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Rev. Joseph Wild, of Brooklyn, enters the field with a theory of his own. He believes that the ten tribes escaped to Ireland and that the Prophet Jeremiah, when he fled from Palestine with Tephi, the King's daughter. went to Tara, in Ireland. He carried with him the Ark of the Covenant and the tables of the law. Tephi was married to the King at Tara, and from her descendants came the house of Stuart. In Queen Victoria, as the descendant of the house of Stuart, Dr. Wild sees the fulfillment of the and never miss. It's a whole library not want a man upon the throne." Dr. Wild believes that Jeremiah was

> In advancing the theory that the lost tribes went to Ireland, Dr. Wild says Hibernia is a Hebrew word, only slightly modified; that there is an admitted similarity between the Irish and Hebrew languages; that the Irish language is, in fact, a compound of the Hebrew and Phoenician, and two settlements in Ireland-first by the Phœnicians, and second by the children of Dan; that the Druid eircles, altar stones, and cromlechs all find ready explanation on the hypothcient Hebrew religious ceremonies.

> the true St. Patrick, the name St. Pat-

esis that they were corruptions of an-Quoting from Jeremiah: 'Who are shall wait for me and the ships of Ireland and the adjacent islands, and rests his case. The future of Ireland, under these prophecies, he argues, is to be grand, but only for Israel and the Canaanitish proselytes. All else are to die or be scattered from the island.

Dr. Wild is pastor of the Elm Place Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, and declares that he has spent fifteen years in studying Hebrew, Greek, and Irish history bearing on the question. A three-year-old youngster saw a

drunken man "tacking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man ?" "Yes, my child." The little boy reflected a moment and

The good people of Williamstown, LOW PRICED & FAST SELLING BOOKS eHairSE."

It is said that in Thuringa, Germa-

come as popular there as they are at the North and South.

Mr. Campbell Foster was once adon a conversation the while. Presbest brogue said :

"Pray, Mr. Saymore, be quiet." "My name is not Saymore, it's Seymour." corrected Digby. Whereupon Foster angrily rejoined:

"Then, sir, see more and say less."

A stranger seeing an Irishman eaning against a post, watching a funeral procession coming out of a rick house at his side, spoke to hint, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Is that a funeral?"

"Yes, sir, I'm thinking it is." "Anybody of distinction?" "I reckon it is, sir." "Who is it that died?"

A Dutchman, the other day, readng the account of a meeting came to the words, 'The meeting then dissolv-He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when

Honty said, 'Dey must have wery

hot wedder der in New York. I ret

"The gentleman in the coffin, sir,

an agount of a meeting vere all de peoples had melted avay.' Even quiet, conservative, temperance Boston wants the bell-punch; and the most conservative paper in the city, the Traveller, says: "Let us have the bell-punch. It is the best

"Mamma," asked a precious youngdragged the carriage into its wonted I could stand another of those fried

> The English boy is whaled unmercifully at school, but after he grows

George Washington wasn't always

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March 22, 1877.
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